THE New Republic

Military Threats As Instruments Of Diplomacy

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A Conversation with Leonard Bernstein

Why Out-Russia Russia? . . . . . *Karl Shapiro*

Galbraith's Economics. . . . . *Robert Lekachman*

De Gaulle's Six Months . . . . . *Percy Winner*

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JUNE 9, 1958

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Washington Wire

THERE were seven children in the Lang family so far, and everybody felt Frank and Hannah had made a good start. Mary Susan was the second one. She was born in 1868. The Worcester, Nashua & Rochester Railroad came to South Lee, N.H., in 1874, nine years after Appomatox. Susie remembered that day, holding Pa's hand, as the first train took form at Obadiah Davis' bridge and bore down on them snorting smoke, steam and cinders, right across a corner of Pa's pasture and terrifying all the horses.

After it left Pa's land, and the depot, it went across Tuttle's land and Bee Tuttle looked at it. Often and often he paused, leaning on his hoe in the potatoes, and watching the two car accommodation rumble past. Sometimes it would toot or maybe Frank Davis, the conductor, would wave and he would wave back. Then Bee Tuttle would go back to his work—imagining. He never rode the train. After a while it gave him pleasure to say he'd never been on one of them things. It made people stare. But sometimes, lying in his bed about two-thirty he would listen to the distant thunder of the Bar Harbor Express getting louder, giving two long toots and two short ones in the lonesome night and then dwindling again, and he would imagine the green curtains and porters and sleeping people swaying in their berths, till the whip-poor-wills started crying again. Bee Tuttle never rode in a train all his life.

SO NOW it is 1958 and Mary Susan is 90 and a great-grandmother though how it happened is hard to recall. Her hearing is all right but people don't speak so loud as they did. It's 20 years now since they pulled up the rails from the South Lee branch, and made the roadbed into a highway, and summer boarders don't even know there was a railroad there. But you can still hear the Bar Harbor Express rumble past on a midsummer's night, wailing its lonely two longs and two shorts at the Obadiah Davis bridge.

Things being so it became important to get Mary Susan to ride in an airplane. Pullmans are all right; but she was too frail to push the doors open and in a metal cubicle roomette the plumbing always hid itself away somewhere, and when you touched a button something confusing and extraordinary happened.

"No," she said, assuming her "sot" look, "I will only fly if he comes with me." People expostulated. The hostess would look after her, they explained.

"If anything happened," she replied simply, "my boy would know what to do."

SO HERE WE WERE, climbing the ramp to the towering DC-6 for a non-stop run from Washington to Boston. The great plane was impressive and reassuring. The uniformed hostess gave us a bright, photo-album smile. "I'm scairt," said Mary Susan unexpectedly. "Why, bless you honey!" said the hostess, turning into a human being, "there's nothing to fear."

We taxied to the take-off. The pilot tried his engines in turn. Mary Susan held my hand. Suddenly all four engines roared at once, strained, started, and we raced down the run-way. For an instant every passenger strained with her — uplifted in participation of Man's miracle. Came a final bump. We were airborne.

"You're flying!" I told Mary Susan. I waited for her first words but they didn't make sense, only something about Bee Tuttle. She was fascinated looking down. There was the Potomac. Slowly the landscape canted over on its side like a pie plate. She held me tight, but nothing spilled over. Our propellers, behind us in our forward compartment, whirled like glass spin-wheels. The unspoken fear of vertigo gradually disappeared.

Mary Susan looked proud but disappointed. The earth had got itself straightened out now and everything was regular. "We aren't going very fast!" she objected. I looked at the hovering hostess who said "about 280, at 11 thousand." Mary Susan glanced again: it was obviously not so, the clouds hardly moved! They had suddenly appeared and spread like a white quilt right under us—a kind of snowfield with sun-topped pinnacles. It looked as though you could walk on it, like South Lee in January. There was no earth.

"Coffee — tea?" said the hostess. "Milk!" said Mary Susan. "Right-O, Grammie," said the hostess.

Breakfast was good. The plane was solid as a train. Mary Susan kept glancing out of the recessed window between sausages and griddle cake and syrup. She ate every bit. Free, wasn't it?

"You're fooling about the speed," she said. "Well," I asked, "how long did it take Frank to ride to Portsmouth with the turkeys?"

(The practice of hill town bank presidents taking dressed poultry for public sale in person is not met with so frequently nowadays.)

"Pa would hitch up the democrat wagon and get over in four hours, maybe. It's 20 miles."

"We'll make Boston in two hours."

That was patently untrue—wouldn't be true if it happened! Flying was startling, and yet hum-drum, too. Maybe that was so of everything, once you let go your hoe handle. Outside, the cloud field looked like Heaven. But at Mary Susan's age you don't bother much about Heaven — leave that to frightened Middle-age. Pa might be out there with the frosty ox-team hauling cord wood. She sighed, and fell asleep in the soothing vibration.

WE ARRIVED matter-of-factly in Boston after her nap; never seeing earth till we slid down over the harbor in the last three minutes. . . .

Well, well—I know the next chapter! The time—around A.D. 1990. "Come, Pop," says my son with condescending affection, "Don't be silly; it's time you rode in a space ship!"

And I will go. Yes, I will go. Out around and beyond the stratosphere with the stars burning like street lamps in the black of Space, and we will arrive in India 12 hours before we started. And they will crowd around me with cheerful patronizing questions as I shuffle off, and I will mumble something they won't understand. About Bee Tuttle.

T.R.B.

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Correspondence

► *Our Regulatory Agencies*

SIRS:

I READ with a great deal of interest Anthony Lewis' article on "Our Ailing Regulatory Agencies" (*NR*, May 19). I agree completely with one of Mr. Lewis' ideas, namely, that there should be an individual responsibility

(Continued on page 23)

Re-Appraisal

II—The Blackmail Game

LAST WEEK we argued that the Western alliance, by following a policy dictated almost exclusively by military considerations, had in recent years suffered a series of political defeats cumulatively resulting in a position of military weakness as well. Let us now consider whether a build-up of Western military strength *is* required, and if so why and of what sort. Let us begin by noting that a number of the most vocal critics of the present official policy, particularly in Western Europe, claim that we have been arming for years, and have scoured the world in search of allies and bases, in fear of an imaginary danger—that is, a possible Soviet bid to achieve "world domination" by force. There is no evidence, say these critics, that the Soviet Union is ruled by madmen bent on risking all their achievements in nuclear world war: the present rulers at any rate have given us many signs of their awareness that such a war would at the very least inflict irreparable damage on their own country. This is assumed to be the reason why since Stalin's death the Kremlin has increasingly substituted political and economic competition for military threats as the principal weapon of its struggle against "the imperialists," leaving the United States with its armaments and alliances high and dry, exposed as the only remaining obstacle to world peace. All we have to do, then, is to adjust to reality and switch in our turn to peaceful competition—of which we have, after all, no lack of know-how. So runs the thought of many who share our objections to the over-militarization of US foreign policy.

Now, for all the bitterness such critics feel toward the policies of Mr. Dulles, Mr. Acheson *et al.*, at bottom theirs is a very cheerful view; for if they are right, we need only to follow the deepest inclination of our Western democracies, which is to concentrate on the good things of life, in order to retrieve our fortunes. Unfortunately, the assumption is not true at all. The danger against which we really needed to arm in the past was not that of a nuclear Pearl Harbor sprung on us by the Soviets—a concept as alien to Stalin's strategy as to that of his successors—but that of a gradual expansion of Soviet power by shrewd and ruthless exploitation of any opportunity for the local use or threat of force along the periphery of the "two camps"; and that danger is just as real today as it was in Stalin's time—or rather more real owing to our present weakness.

To take the negative side of that statement first, the "atomic stalemate" or the "balance of terror" is not a new phenomenon: it dates from 1949, well in Stalin's lifetime, when the Soviets exploded their first atomic bomb. Certainly it was brought up to date when they got the H-bomb, and the balance shifted slightly in their favor last year when they were the first to prove their capacity to launch intercontinental missiles. But the basic situation has been the same all along—the Soviets, whatever they said, knew that they could not count on achieving their policy objectives by an atomic world war, and felt no need for such a desperate gamble: after all, their doctrine assures them that history is on their side. The aggression in

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Korea was a perfect example of just the sort of opportunist use of force in which the Soviets have always been masters — for local expansion without major risks. In fact, the risk turned out to be more serious than Stalin expected, but the miscalculations had been natural in view of preceding American statements, and even so Stalin had retained sufficient caution not to commit Soviet forces to that gamble. Like the Berlin blockade and the Greek civil war, like the threats against Tito and the armed risings all over Southeast Asia, the Korean aggression was not an all-out challenge to the "imperialist camp," but one of a series of attempts to achieve local advance by the local use or threat of force.

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The only important change which Stalin's successors could have made in Soviet policy toward the West would have been to abandon this practice as part of a—at least temporary—settlement; and for a few years they seemed willing to do precisely that in order to convince world opinion of their desire for "peaceful coexistence": The fighting in Korea and Indo-China was ended by an armistice; the Austrian Treaty was signed and the conflict with Yugoslavia liquidated; Soviet forces were withdrawn from Austria, from Porkkala in Finland and from Port Arthur in China.

But as this policy revealed in 1956 its inherent dangers for the cohesion of the Soviet bloc, while the West offered an easy target in the Middle East and elsewhere, the Soviet rulers returned to former tactics. One might still have discounted Russian rocket threats against Britain and France at the time of Suez as reactions to an exceptional situation; but the campaign of intimidation launched last autumn against Turkey over the artificial "Syrian crisis," and the whole series of threatening notes dispatched to the European members of NATO to prevent them from installing missile bases on their territory, leave no doubt that the "Blackmail Game" has once again become a favorite weapon of Soviet diplomacy.

The rules of that game are still far too little understood by the democratic electorates of the West—yet they supply the key to our continued need for burdensome and wasteful armaments. What happens typically is that a small and exposed ally of the United States, say Turkey, is told in vague but threatening language that it might suffer "serious consequences," *i.e.* Soviet aggression, unless it refuses cooperation with the US on some particular issue, say the installation of missile bases, or unless it moves closer to Soviet policies altogether. The rejection of such a threat by a small country which could never hope to stand up to a Soviet attack by itself amounts in fact to reliance on NATO—*i.e.* to a counter-threat of retaliation, at least locally against any Soviet invasion forces and ports. The Soviets then continue their threats, warning the American "warmongers" that in the age of the intercontinental missile, retaliation has become a double-edged weapon, and the first A-bomb on Baku may mean an H-bomb on New York; to which the reply is that, owing to the size and dispersion of our Strategic Air Command an attack on an American city would ensure the virtual destruction of all organized centers of the Soviet Union. At this point, the "diplomatic discussion"—which is, of course, never officially conducted in these explicit terms, but in hints illustrated unofficially by the press—comes to an end; no aggression does, in fact, take place, and Turkey's policy remains unchanged. Outwardly, nothing has happened at all—the "crisis" is over and peace has been maintained. But in order to maintain it, the whole arsenal of our weapons has figured in a deadly game of diplomatic poker, in which you cannot bluff unless you really hold a sufficiently strong hand!

The Soviet willingness to use or threaten force is not, then, part of an obsession with war for stakes like Hitler's; it is merely part of unrelenting hostility toward the non-Communist world, and of a cool and calculating determination to use any expedient method when the risk is not too high. Because it is cool and calculating, it can be checkmated and normally prevented from leading even to local war, by adequate ready military strength. But it cannot be stopped without that strength; and to be effective, that strength must be adequate not only to the original local limited threat, but to the highest bid in the game of Russian poker. If it was not, some of the threatened nations might well be willing to defy the Soviet threat all the same, and might survive—as Finland did 10 years ago. But others, feeling unprotected, could be bullied into surrender.

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That, briefly, is the case for a continued, unremitting armament effort to match the—by every evidence undiminished—Soviet effort. It justifies the maintenance of NATO and of our system of bases, as well as such guarantees to threatened non-Communist countries elsewhere as may be helpful in bolstering their will to stay independent; it justifies, finally, the need to remain in a costly weapons race and to pay greater attention to the threat of limited employment of force by potential foes. There are sharp limits to the utility of nuclear weapons in "small war" situations; and against such limited outbreaks we are not now adequately prepared. We will not be adequately prepared until we surrender the illusion that nuclear weapons are primarily labor-saving devices that can do everything, and that we can have our security and eat the cake of lower taxes too.

But just as aggression and blackmail are only one of the weapons of Communist challenge, so armaments and alliances can only be one part of our response. Unless we learn to combine an indispensable defense effort with a bolder political offensive, we shall continue to be confronted with growing antipathy among neutrals and weakening morale among our allies.

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EVERYMAN HIS OWN STRATEGIST

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Materials for Formulating Your Own Defense Policy

THERE IS no local defense which alone will contain the mighty landpower of the Communist world. Local defenses must be reinforced by the further deterrent of massive retaliatory power. . . . The basic decision was to depend primarily upon a great capacity to retaliate, instantly, by means and at places of our choosing.

JOHN FOSTER DULLES, *before the Council on Foreign Relations, N. Y. C., Jan. 12, 1954.*

Of course, the fact that under present conditions atomic and hydrogen weapons cannot be used with impunity has some deterrent effect on those circles which would like to unleash a war using mass annihilation weapons. It is precisely from the midst of these circles that dangerous assertions are being spread to the effect that allegedly peace can be preserved by strengthening atomic might and continuing the arms drive. It is clear that the arms drive, including that in the field of atomic weapons, is not diminishing but, on the contrary, is increasing the threat of a new war.

BULGANIN, *on his visit with Khrushchev to India, Dec. 31, 1955.*

I AM SURE that no one anywhere in the world thinks they can win an atomic war. They might seem to be the victor, but what would be left would not be worth bothering about. . . . I don't think there is going to be any little war with the Russians. I think if the Russians and the Americans are ever in war in any small place, it is going to expand very rapidly into a terrible war.

CHARLES R. WILSON, *when Secretary of Defense, testimony before the Symington Committee Study of Airpower, July 2, 1956.*

WE MUST POSSESS a capacity to retaliate on a scale which is sufficient to deter aggression. We must have that capacity, not in the expectation of having to *use* it but because if we *have* that capacity we shall probably never have to use it. But there may be local aggressions, so-called "nibblings," not initially involving the most potent weapons. We and our allies should, between us, have the capacity to deal with these without our action producing a general nuclear war. Furthermore, it would be reckless to risk everything on one form of armament, because no one can forecast with certainty the requirements of future war.

JOHN FOSTER DULLES, *before the Dallas Council on World Affairs, Oct. 27, 1956.*

IT SEEMS LOGICAL that if we have the strength required for global war, we could certainly meet any threat of less magnitude. The important point is, that if we must become involved in a "little war" to meet overt Communist aggression, we should act decisively and with all necessary strength, using our best weapons if required. Otherwise, successive erosion could, in the long run, be as disastrous to our free world position as defeat in a major engagement.

DONALD A. QUARLES, *when Secretary of the Air Force (now Under-Secretary of Defense), Washington, D. C., Feb. 2, 1957.*

ONE B-52 can carry as much destructive capacity as was delivered by all the bombers in all the years of World War II combined.

DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER, *radio and TV address to the nation, Nov. 7, 1957.*

China has at present no atomic weapons or rockets, but we shall have such things in the future. We do not believe atomic arms can destroy mankind. History teaches that wars are decided not by weapons but by the spirit of the peoples.

MARSHAL CHEN YI, *Foreign Minister, Chinese People's Republic, reported in* The New York Times, *May 13, 1958.*

I THINK we should say on the point of limited warfare that I do not see how you could have limited warfare between the two major opponents and if our major opponent is involved we believe that we could hardly avoid an all-out military struggle.

NEIL H. MCELROY, *Secretary of Defense. Testimony before the House Defense Appropriations Subcommittee, April 29, 1958.*

THE ARMY formally announced today the organization of a force of more than 150,000 paratroopers and infantrymen to deal with limited war situations "anywhere in the world:" *New York Times, May 21, 1958.*

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More or Less Than Six Months for de Gaulle

IT IS MOST unlikely that de Gaulle will be Premier of France—or the ruler of France by any other title or in any other capacity—for precisely the half-year tenure of office he demanded from the National Assembly. He has only a skeletal program; nothing permits more than guess work about the kind of flesh that will give it body. If his ambitious projects can be carried out, if they or any substantial portion of them can be put into effect, the period of time necessary will be longer than six months.

The alternative to de Gaulle was the shedding of blood, and most Frenchmen could not tell how much blood or for what purpose, good or bad, would be shed. Technically the General came to power because elements of the Army in Algeria, presumably far Right of the political Center, and some elements of the political club of former Premiers in France, presumably Left of Center, agreed that there was no other available candidate at this moment for this purpose. In essence, however, he was brought to power by a state of mind, an attitude for which there is no better word than pacifism. The great mass of Frenchmen no longer believed that the Fourth Republic was worth the sacrifice of their lives or anyone else's life.

When General Massu called Felix Gaillard from Algiers and asked whether the Army should shoot to restore order, the answer was no. Pierre Pflimlin gave the same answer, and indirectly so did de Gaulle later on. It is not denied in France that behind the rebellion in Algeria, behind Jacques Soustelle, Leon Delbecque and the other civilians who provided the leadership and the direction for the original military coup, lay some two years of careful preparation. But de Gaulle would not have been carried to power if Massu had not taken the first step, and if Guy Mollet had not taken the last step. The key figure of the week before the historic Sunday session of the Assembly was Guy Mollet, the Socialist.

The moderate Left in France was saying before de Gaulle took power that the only question for them was whether to fight now or later. The General was then being called the creature of the most suspect elements of the Army. But the final few days found de Gaulle busily at work in what the French call the "cuisine"—the kitchen of politics where the politicians cook up the deals. And when the composition of de Gaulle's cabinet was announced, it was the die-hards of the old Algerian Committee of Public Safety rather than the Leftists in France who screamed and hinted darkly that they might not "march" into such a "betrayal."

Some of the military members of the committee had hoped they would get the green light from Paris for an attempted reconquest of Tunisia and Morocco, on the thesis that from the military viewpoint all or nothing of the Maghreb could be held. But in the de Gaulle cabinet there is not a single man who stands for the interests and desires of such Algerian extremists. The revulsion against de Gaulle has its first cause in the feeling that his choice of ministers points away from their absolute insistence on French Algeria and perhaps toward some form of African federation within the French Union in which Algeria might have the kind of status Tunisia had before absolute independence.

The first question to be answered, and in weeks rather than months, is whether de Gaulle can count on the Army in Algeria. Then, can he count on the Army there to control, by force if need be, the civilians who are dismayed by the direction he seems to have taken? Afterward it will be important to know whether, in losing friends or at least nominal supporters on the Right in France, he will have gained well-wishers on the Left. Still another question concerns the Communists: Despite Duclos, the Party talked big but did little to stop de Gaulle. Moscow's order is to wait and see.

WAIT AND SEE WHAT? First of all, whether de Gaulle has really become a politician, whether his role as a mystical crusader has been put aside. The most serious accusation made against him by men formerly devoted to him and deeply convinced of his absolute honesty, integrity and incorruptibility is that he has now, for the first time, compromised with those elements of dishonor and illegality he had previously been most vigorous in condemning. Such old friends and present opponents of his as Mendès-France do not believe that getting back on the parliamentary rails in the future can condone de Gaulle's getting off the rails in order to ride to power, or that unity in the future can excuse past acceptance of the rebels in Algeria and Corsica.

Still, many in and outside France have changed their minds about de Gaulle before. We know that President Eisenhower likes him now or has said that he does. We do not know how much de Gaulle will turn out to be like Eisenhower in his change from his past as a soldier to his career as a permanent politician—there are suggestive parallels. It won't take six months to find out. By then Premier de Gaulle will be out or he will be on his way to a longer term of office as something else.

PERCY WINNER

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Congressional Initiative

WHEN an Administration doesn't ask Congress to do what needs to be done—because Congress, so it is said, wouldn't possibly understand—we get the odd consequence of a Congress giving an Administration specific suggestions for the conduct of foreign policy. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee, thus, wrote into the preamble of the mutual security bill last week a clause affirming long-term US support for India's economic development. Singling out a country in this manner, even a country which is really a subcontinent, would not be justified under conventional circumstances. But the Administration appears to have in mind future credits for New Delhi on the same inadequate scale as our 1958 loan of $225 million ($150 million of it in the restricted form of an Export-Import Bank loan).

Like the earlier resolution which it incorporates and supersedes (*NR*, March 31), the Committee's pledge neither provides for new funds nor suggests the extent of future US support. But it has merit, we think, because it forestalls any use of Congress as a scapegoat for the Administration's inadequacies on India aid. If the pledge is not stricken on the floor of the Senate, it will remain for the Administration to pick up the lead either through appropriation requests for the Development Loan Fund two to three times larger than the $625 million requested in 1958 or through special loan-to-India legislation.

Pay-As-You-See TV

THE FIRST serious experiment in closed-circuit TV is a financial failure. Video Independent Theatres will suspend operation in Bartlesville, Oklahoma, on June 6, and most of the 800 families who have paid a monthly fee of $9.50 to receive their choice of two first-run movies daily are sad to see them go. (Probably Mrs. Harold Born and her dentist husband, who have 7 sets tuned into telemovies scattered throughout their office-home, will miss them most of all.) There just weren't enough subscribers — the company has been losing $10,000 a month. The reason, the company president says on hindsight, was that "the concept of a package of pictures for a fixed price is wrong." "Subscribers," he believes, "must be charged by the picture—using a metering device . . . that will register the programs viewed in each home."

When the Bartlesville experiment began there was no adequate meter for collecting from the customers. Another pioneer firm in Pay-TV, International Telemeter Corp., has since developed a coin-box attachment for home TV sets which, the company says, will "provide the means for varying prices depending on the attractiveness of the entertainment offer." This should make a profitable difference in the number of people who will want to subscribe when Telemeter begins its own experimental program of home pay-TV in three metropolitan areas next year.

Congress and the FCC, under pressure from the national television networks, have ruled out even a test of pay-TV on the air. But meanwhile this kind of closed-circuit program—carried over intra-state telephone lines or coaxial cables and so outside FCC jurisdiction—at least gives us a chance to see what it would be like to have an alternative to the programs networks and their sponsors choose to provide.

Texans on Taxes

THE TEXAS decision that there shall be no tax cut has now been confided to the country. Secretary of the Treasury Anderson, House Speaker Rayburn, Senate Majority Leader Johnson—all of them from the state where the rains came, pastures flourish and cattle are plump, while oil flows on—have reached agreement. Their close-in concurrence runs across party lines. It runs over important members of each party, most of whom were not consulted, some of whom were plainly ignored.

When a major issue is thus decided without general debate, it is impossible to be sure what considerations were strong enough to override the substantial arguments —ranging in source from the CED to the CIO—that favored a brisk tax cut now. But it is possible to assess the net result of the decision.

By late autumn or early 1959, federal military contracts and state and local government public-works contracts which have been let at accelerated rates in recent months will begin to have a noticeable effect. A federal deficit of $10-12 billion, in sight without a tax cut, is a reflationary lever that contrasts sharply with the 1953-54 situation, when a $7.5 billion tax cut was balanced by a $10 billion reduction in federal expenditures. So within a year the economy ought to be in better shape again.

At the same time, the recognizedly necessary legislative organization of the tax structure can be avoided until better times bring fewer pressures. The worst economic troubles can be handled by stop-gaps—the bill for supplementary unemployment benefits is likely to become law in so optional a form that perhaps not more than half a dozen states will take advantage of it. Over the rest of the economy, a general decline can be treated as the pause that refreshes: Better a lower rate of production now than a risk of future inflationary pressure. Or so the "Texas" argument might run. But does the record support the argument?

The record of 1958 to date includes these facts: Gross national product for the first quarter declined by $10.5

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"Howdy, Pardners"

billion to a seasonally adjusted rate of $422 billion. Personal consumption expenditures dropped by $2.5 billion. Steel production for the week ended May 17, at 52.3 percent of capacity, was 34 percent below a year ago. Spendable earnings of factory production workers—their gross pay less federal income tax and social security payments—went down in April because of shortened work weeks; with continued consumer price rises, their purchasing power was at its lowest in more than three years.

A few Republicans have deduced from such facts that an economy limping at this level was not good for the country, and that a quick tax cut would give a quick lift to it. White House advisor Nelson Rockefeller and Secretary of Labor James Mitchell have been urging the Administration at least to make up its mind on tax policy. And CIA head Allen Dulles, in an exceptional speech to the Chamber of Commerce on April 28, put the cost of today's lost production in an international perspective:

> According to available statistics, in the first quarter of 1958 the Sino-Soviet bloc has for the first time surpassed the United States in steel production. The three months' figures also show that the USSR alone turned out over 75 percent of the steel tonnage of the US. A recession is an expensive luxury.

On the Democratic side, Sen. Paul Douglas, whose tax views were set out in a major speech on May 19, said following the announced decision:

> Like the *Washington Post* [whose editorial he was placing in the *Congressional Record*] I believe this decision is a tragic error. In this case the problem is: (1) the danger of a very serious recession getting worse; or (2) of the economy declining at a slower rate; or (3) failing to turn up for several months. The risk of any one of these possibilities is more than our economy and our country can afford at a time like the present.

The evidence at hand in no way alters our view that the risks of inflation which are run by cutting taxes are far less serious than the risk of drifting into a major depression by further delaying tax cuts.

Mythological Economics

THERE WAS a time when Mr. Eisenhower knew no economics. At his press conference last week, his answer to a question about the rising cost of living revealed that he has been the object of some elementary tuition. Here is what he said:

> I am told by economic analysts that the price of anything that we buy . . . that its costs are reflected, I believe, something up to 80 percent in labor costs, so as these people get money for services, whether it is direct services or services that go into manufacture of this thing, prices are bound to go up, and I don't know what the Government can do as long as it insists upon the freedom of any economy to establish its own price and wage levels.

Stripped of its rich confusion of syntax and concept, the President's response illuminated a mythological world of pure competition. In this world, prices go up only because costs increase. As in a Chock Full O' Nuts restaurant, no human hands touch the product. Manifestly, when the government intervenes, it diminishes freedom. Therefore, it should not intervene. In time, prices will fall.

When Mr. Eisenhower's instructors get around to finishing the lesson on the free market, they might point out that in such markets *demand* also influences prices, and falling demand induces lower prices even when costs remain high and profit margins shrink. If—in contradiction to this principle—prices in the last six months have risen, it is partly because many markets are notoriously dominated by a few sellers (some of them the President's golf partners) who prefer reduced output to reduced prices.

When the government intervenes in such markets, it imperils no abstract "freedom." On the contrary, its action may be the only way to approximate the results of free markets, long since vanished. A few anti-trust prosecutions, even a little price regulation, as A. P. Lerner and J. K. Galbraith have suggested, might have a wonderful effect upon the cost of living.

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The Superficial Aspect

Chief Justice Eastland

THE CONSENSUS in Washington seems to be that Senator Eastland's attack ostensibly on the Supreme Court will not get very far. Too many members of Congress are aware that the thing is loaded with dynamite and there is no guessing what direction the blast might take; so as a matter of elementary prudence they will dunk it in a bucket of water.

It is to be hoped that this is true, but even if the Eastland proposals never reach the stage of legislation, they deserve much more public consideration than has been given them. Ostensibly, they are directed at the Supreme Court, but in fact the wrath behind them is not directed at the Court. The Court is in the line of fire simply and solely because it stands between vindictive legislators and certain of their constituents.

The First, the Fifth and the Fourteenth Amendments frustrate the efforts of an inferior man who wins—or buys or steals—an election to vent his envy and malice upon his betters. The Court, by sustaining these amendments, has drawn that envy and malice upon itself. That is the true significance of the assault.

It is perhaps fortunate that the attack was directed by the Senator from Mississippi. A more intelligent man would have veiled its real meaning and perhaps deluded the country into thinking that its motivation was patriotism, not impotent spite. Senator Butler, of Maryland, has attempted something along that line. The effect of the Butler substitute would still be to subvert the citizen to the politician, but it is not as crass as the original Eastman proposal, therefore not as easily exposed.

The incident is another vindication of the wisdom of the men who framed the Bill of Rights. They were aware, long before Oscar Wilde put it into words, that the worst form of tyranny the world ever saw is the tyranny of the weak over the strong. They had only to glance at Congress under the Articles of Confederation to see proof that weak men may wangle their way into positions of official authority, and they tried to deprive them of any legal sanction for exercising the characteristic tyranny of the weak. They were not entirely successful. Weak men still worm their way into high position. Playing politics, like playing the zither, requires no strength of character but depends upon natural aptitude reinforced by acquired skill. So we have weak Congressmen, weak Presidents and, in spite of the theoretical elimination of politics from that office, a formidable quota of weak Justices of the Supreme Court. Once fortified in office, weak men invariably tend to try to restrict the freedom of the strong. They make mistakes, of course—Eisenhower, a weak President, must wonder what on earth possessed him to put Warren on the Supreme Court—but the tendency is constant.

A mighty fortress of the weak is the vicious seniority rule, by which alone a man of Eastland's capacity could attain the chairmanship of an important committee. The result is a partial paralysis of the legislative branch, for weak chairmen can hamstring strong members and take malicious delight in doing so. Their forte is inaction, but when they do act it is almost invariably to advance some project to bring to heel those citizens who have the insolence to disagree with them.

This is the real aim of Eastland's attack on the Supreme Court. He has craftily attached it to the widespread terror of Communism—not the arms, but the arguments of the Communists—that has overcome those who do not believe that liberty can hold its own in free debate. But Eastland is well aware that any law preventing the Court from protecting those who attack the economic system can be invoked to prevent its protection of those who attack what the elder Lodge called the "shot-gun civilization" of Mississippi.

The moral judgment of two-thirds of the nation has condemned second-class citizenship, as, a century ago, it condemned slavery. But Eastland, like John C. Calhoun, has determined that the fiat of one-third of the nation shall coerce the two-thirds. The culmination of Calhoun's effort was the destruction of the one-third. Eastland's will lead to no comparable disaster, because he does not represent the intelligence even of his own section; but it may very well lead to immeasurable annoyance, heavy economic loss, and lasting prejudice against every political idea that comes out of the South.

THE REVIVAL of anti-Southern prejudice would be more than a sectional loss, it would be a national loss; for the phenomenon of Wilson proved that there still smoulder in the South some coals of the political genius that produced Washington, Jefferson, Marshall, Madison and Jackson. The ashes of racism have banked the fire and weak men naturally do all they can to keep it banked; for if the old Southern statecraft should flame up again, the Eastlands would be shriveled and consumed in the blaze. And well do they know it!

GERALD W. JOHNSON

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Why Out-Russia Russia?

by KARL SHAPIRO

IN RECENT MONTHS the world has witnessed a new revolution—which I call the Russian Revolution in American education. I must confess that I find this revolution boring and dreary beyond endurance. For one thing, it comes too late, when those of us who teach literature had long since given up any hope for the human arts; for another, because it is a revolution forced upon us from the outside, for the wrong reasons, and by the most perilous elements in modern society. Far from being a boon to the humanities, the scientific competition between Russia and America is liable to spell the end of all humanistic culture throughout the world. Whatever immediate gains will accrue to humane studies are certain to be wiped out by the politicians, professional educationalists, journalists and the military. A national emergency is always a playground for opportunists.

I do not know anything much about the history of American education, but it is common knowledge that it has always tended toward use and nothing but use. Prudence, Thrift and Use have been American mottoes since Benjamin Franklin, and we are paying the price for them. In developing a nation of mechanics and super-mechanics, we have been saved from historic perdition only by a thin thread of religion and by a still thinner thread of humane studies. Like all the arts of peace, religion has been debased and commercialized in this country almost beyond recognition. The failure of American religion is reflected in the national love of violence. Among literary people throughout the world, America is known as the land of violence; and the best writers of the 20th Century have described the national character in terms of violence.

The decline of the prestige of humane studies is not, of course, an American phenomenon; it is a "Western" phenomenon. Historically, the humanities and the arts have deteriorated in direct proportion to the rise of the useful sciences. We know about the long battle between poetry and science in Europe since the Renaissance and the voluntary exile of the artist from the world of the Rationalists. We have seen literature under our own eyes become the property of old fogies and scions of the Social Register—something too useless for the modern world of damn and blast.

The first step toward scientific government is to get rid of literature and the arts—put them under arrest. Russia has systematically killed off an entire literature since 1917, frequently by murder. In the first years of the Russian Revolution the poets were spokesmen for the new order, but it was not long before Mayokovsky, the chief Bolshevik poet, committed suicide. That was the beginning of the end. The Germans, a few years later, with their famous scientific thoroughness, uprooted not only all the arts but even the theoretical sciences, if these didn't happen to fit in with the more scientific German science. It was, you might say, a scientific mistake to run out the Einsteins and the Freuds—yet this is typical of the provincialism of the scientific mind. What a mad grab Russia and the United States made to kidnap these superior beings at the end of World War II. No war criminals they! We don't recall the armies fighting over any poets, novelists, philosophers or teachers. In America we have not reached the point of scientific government but we have gone pretty far already in adopting scientific education. The whole educational bureaucracy, the whole quasi-scientific class of educationalists with their punch cards and psychological batteries have turned American education into just another machine. We all know the expression "half-educated American" which has always been proverbial outside the US. Why "half" educated? What is the half that is missing? The half that is missing is the humane half, the education in literature, the arts and ideas, the half that was once the whole. Under the leadership of the Kremlin we can now expect this half to shrink to a quarter perhaps.

And what exactly is our fascination for Russia? If you want my opinion, it is admiration and envy more than it is fear. Let us not forget the number of scientists the world over who sold out to Russia. Why? Because Russia is a scientist's paradise. Because in an artless world, a world in which feeling is reserved for state occasions and wars, the scientists need not bother their heads about distinctions between good and evil, beautiful and ugly, physical and metaphysical, natural and supernatural.

One of the hardest jobs I ever had was to teach modern American poetry abroad. On one occasion I had the

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dubious pleasure of touring Indian universities to talk about US poetry. As I was doing this under the auspices of the State Department, I was really in a fix. Modern American poetry is so critical of America that the only thing you can do abroad is to lie about it. After fencing with Hindu leftists and others for two months I gave up. Fortunately there was Walt Whitman to fall back on. Whitman is popular in India because they think he is just an unsunburned Hindu, and Whitman is good American propaganda—unless you accidentally run into a Whitman expert. Poetry is an American export in our century—an export to cancel out all our other exports. And not only our poetry: our entire literature of the modern period. There is something weird and dreamlike about our government sending authors like William Faulkner abroad to purvey American culture. I am very glad that they do, but it does make me scratch my head in wonder. Of the several Americans who have won the Nobel Prize for literature, T. S. Eliot, Sinclair Lewis and William Faulkner are sworn antagonists of the American way-of-life. By American way of life—that nauseating expression—I mean the material life, the worship of the scientific mentality, and the belief that Americans are the best people on earth. Modern American literature — I mean the real McCoy and not the bestseller list—is not anti-American but anti-American-way-of-life. There is a world of difference. The way-of-lifers are all politicians, publicists and sabre-rattlers.

IMAGINE a Congressman standing up to say that we must teach Russian because of its great literature; he would be hauled off to St. Elizabeth's in a wink. We aren't going to learn Russian to read Dostoevski or Pushkin or Chekov or Tolstoy, but to listen in on the enemy. According to the scientific mentality the enemy is everywhere you look. Mt. Everest is the enemy: conquer it. Space is the enemy: conquer that. Nature itself is the real enemy: we'd better get it before it gets us. Everything and everybody in the cosmos is the enemy, from tooth decay to the Pleiades.

The spectacle of the pure scientist who faces the practical consequences of his research is a pitiable one. Living as he does in a world beyond human values *he is incapable of making even the simplest intellectual or moral decision.* That is why those nuclear scientists passed on their knowledge to Russia, not because they were "spies" but because that was their idea of how to keep peace! There was nothing vindictive here: just common everyday scientific moral idiocy. It is this idiocy that the poet points to when he links together as evils pure reason, materialism, social cruelty, nationalism, war, progress, Americanization, and the debasement of culture, which lies at the bottom of all these.

Let us see what our best modern poets have to say about our world:

T. S. Eliot. Midwest American poet, educated at Harvard. In 1927 he became a British subject, thus deserting his birthplace. Eliot is an avowed monarchist. His entire literary output constitutes a condemnation of American materialism, economic greed and cultural vacuity.

Ezra Pound. Midwest American poet, an expatriate since 1908. For 12 years Pound was incarcerated by the American government under an unproved charge of treason. He is the most scurrilous critic of American life in the 20th Century. In the popular mind he is not only the leading poet of the age but a traitor and a lunatic.

William Carlos Williams. Experimental American poet associated with Pound and regarded by many as the most gifted of modern poets. Elected to the Chair of Poetry in the Library of Congress about 1955 and dismissed before taking office as "un-American."

Edgar Lee Masters. Midwest American poet, author of the bitter *Spoon River Anthology* which laments the corruption of pioneer stock and the hypocrisy of small-town American life. In later years, like Pound, he flirted with treasonable political ideas.

John Gould Fletcher. Arkansas poet. Expatriate for 15 years. Imagist and experimental writer. Committed suicide in 1950's.

Robinson Jeffers. Chief of the self-avowed enemies of American society and civilization. His attacks on American materialism and the American savagery of character have become synonymous with his poetry.

Archibald MacLeish. Former Librarian of Congress, Under-Secretary of State, etc. Frequently caustic critic of US materialism and scientism.

e. e. cummings. Bostonian and Harvard educated poet; the most cutting assailant of American middle-class life, economic security, politics, opportunism, militarism and science.

Hart Crane. Midwest poet, author of one of the major long poems defining the myth of America. Evidently disillusioned with his vision of America triumphant, committed suicide 1932.

Vachel Lindsay. Midwest poet who believed in and preached a gospel of beauty for Americans. Disillusioned with the indifference of his countrymen, committed suicide 1931.

Sara Teasdale. Lyric love poet, committed suicide 1933.

Kenneth Patchen. Rabid anti-American poet; sometime social revolutionary, visionary of destruction of industrial world and its standardized population.

W. B. Yeats. Prophet of the anti-Christ and the Apocalypse stemming from the modern scientific hell.

D. H. Lawrence. Probably the chief literary influence

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in the 20th Century, a poet who called down a thousand plagues on modern civilization, pure mental consciousness, and its instrument, Science.

Auden, Spender, Day, Lewis. Sometime social revolutionary poets, trenchant critics of modern middle-class life and the whole iconography of modern progress.

These poets occupy much of the space in any of the poetry textbooks we use, and they should. But there is no common philosophy or point of view among them except one: full opposition to our materialist, science-ridden way of life. Suppose one tried to compile an all-American 99 44/100 percent pure poetry list to counter the partial one I have just read. What would it contain? Practically nothing. And what about Robert Frost, Sandburg, Wallace Stevens? Read Frost closely; there is more than a dash of Jeffers and the pessimistic E. A. Robinson in his philosophy. As for Sandburg, he is the one "official" poet we have (he has been a great disappointment to all writers for that reason); yet his best poems are of a piece with the early Pound and Eliot writings. As for Stevens, the entire anti-modern philosophy and esthetic are embedded in his poetry.

In the past, we spoke of a man "refined" by literary training; the man of "breeding" (another old-fashioned word which we would do well to revive) was morally responsible for the uneducated, in the same way that parents are morally responsible for their children. Questions of humanity were referred to the refined and educated as much as they were to men of the church. The scientific mind at one blow (or one long series of blows which are still being rained down on us) drove religion and the arts into the wilderness. The chaos that resulted is best seen in America where moral authority is today all but non-existent. We have replaced it by the authority of use, the authority of comfort, social adjustment theories of education, the authority of objectivity, and the authority of armed might.

WE MUST beware of falling into the facile dichotomy of Art versus Science. I do not feel that we must rise up and drive the scientists out of the temple of art. I mean something quite different, namely that human values must regain their control over purely rational and utilitarian values, that scientific method, objectivity, inductive method, and the rest of it must be relocated in a different perspective, the large perspective of humane education. There are many practical and immediate steps to be taken. No scientist should be placed at the head of any institution of learning or any governmental body unless he has proved himself worthy of the humane tradition, unless he is himself a man of the humanities, either by training or by adoption. I will say nothing about the use of military men as titular heads of great universities. The university is, or used to be, the repository of values related to mankind; how then can we place the objective man, who must professionally abrogate his human responsibilities, in the vital position of educator? We must do everything in our power to keep him in the laboratory, and to judge and control the human effects of his discoveries.

And what of the great humanity of the doctor, everyone asks? Surely the science (once called the art) of medicine is the science closest to the life of man. Who does not honor the achievements of medicine? But who is not aware also of the complete commercialization of the doctor and the industrialization of medical research for the purposes of business? Let us be thankful for our plastic kidneys without falling down to worship the image of Hippocrates or swearing by the beard of Freud. Let us work toward the goal of obliterating the ugly name of Social Science. What was the dark day in time when History, one of the greatest of the literary arts, put its tail between its legs and called itself a scientific puppy dog? History a science! Economics a science! Even the Sunday comics make fun of that one. Psychology a science? That remains to be seen. Sociology is, of course, the mastermind of all the social sciences. Writers and teachers should never miss an opportunity to expose this form of quack science and quack literature. The latest sociological document I read was by the famous Mr. Reisman and was concerned with "Car Culture." Here is one sentence: "The Mennonites of Northeast Indiana drive 1929 black Plymouth sedans." This was not meant as a surrealist poem but as a sober scientific truth, with Lord knows what profound overtones. That quotation may not be the sum total of sociological knowledge, but it is close.

All of this middle ground between science and art, this No-man's-land called so cleverly *social* science, is ground that has to be cleared before the humanities can get on the march. The humanities must, in fact, rescue science from its uncomfortable position of authority, a position the true scientist will gladly abdicate. The social scientist will not abdicate, and will have to be heaved out with all his artificial and obscurantist jargons—the language of the teachers' college, of the psychological questionnaire, the language of bureaucracy and the language of Car Culture. The humanities and the natural sciences can join forces to drive these pseudo-sciences and pseudo-arts into the limbo where we keep works of phrenology and numerology and the Baconian theory of Shakespeare. The abysmal failure of technological civilization to provide man with anything more than death and iceboxes has spelled the end of scientific pre-eminence throughout the world — everywhere except Russia, the scientific seventh heaven. The question of whether we are going to out-Russia Russia or whether Russia is going to out-America America is all one. Whatever is in store for us historically, it is our role as the guardians of man's sensibilities to prevent as far as possible the brutalization of our people by science hysteria, by politics, and by promises of technological rewards.

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A Conversation with

LEONARD BERNSTEIN

"The Notes—That's What I Mean By Musical Meaning"

by HENRY BRANDON

BRANDON: Why do you think Americans select such sordid subjects, really, for their musicals—

BERNSTEIN: Well they don't—really.

BRANDON: Well take *Carousel—Guys and Dolls—Pajama Game—*

BERNSTEIN: Well, that isn't fair because *Carousel* is a Hungarian play which has been transferred to the Maine coast. So that's not even an American subject. And *Guys and Dolls*—the interest of *Guys and Dolls* is not its sordidness at all, but the glory of these Damon Runyon characters. If he hadn't glorified them in the first place, then they couldn't be put on the stage. *Guys and Dolls* is not a social argument; it doesn't try to make sociological dicta about life in America. As a matter of fact, it would be rather hard to find those people around. It's a glorification of those people and of a way of talking which is more Runyon than fact, I suspect. And as far as *Pajama Game*—I don't see anything sordid about *Pajama Game*. I find it a rather dreary milieu—a pajama factory in the Midwest, but it's not sordid.

BRANDON: No, it isn't sordid. But I mean, they are really subjects that you would normally—I mean, not immediately think of as a background for a musical—

BERNSTEIN: Well it never used to be that way—obviously. A musical always had to be something that you never had to pay attention to, that you could arrive at pretty tight from cocktails and dinner and sleep through the book parts and open your eyes when the line of girls came down and cavorted at the the footlights. Or when a comic was performing. But the musical theatre in America is growing up and is growing up very fast. As a matter of fact, the musical theatre in America is one of the aspects of American art, if I may use this big three-letter word, which is forging ahead faster than almost any other aspect of American art—at least performance art. And because of that it strikes out in all kinds of new directions.

You happened to pick—to your own advantage and to load your own question—certain musicals which do deal with odd and weighty subjects which involve killings and seamy people and whatever. But 90 percent of all our musicals are still frothy and ones that you don't have to pay much attention to. They're not braincrackers by any means nor do they try to be heartcrackers—and if you go from *Li'l Abner* to *Happy Hunting* to *Jamaica* to any of the—well most of the good shows we've had in the last couple of years—you will not tax your mentality very much. *West Side Story* is an exception—not the rule at all. *Carousel* was an exception—*Guys and Dolls* was an exception. So you picked three exceptions.

BRANDON: But, you know, the musical was really created in England and seems now to have almost died on its feet. Here everything is fresh, vigorous—the musical here really is, as you said, a new expression of American art. Why do you think they're so much better than the British that are stale. . . .

BERNSTEIN: Well, the answer to that depends on whether you hold a deterministic view of history or not. Are you a Hegelian? If you are, then you simply accept that every form has its time and its place and that every cultural wave is influenced by other waves in the great ocean and, after all, why should there have been such a great period of architecture in Greece at one particular moment and there isn't any good period of architecture in Greece

"WHY," asked Eric Sevareid last week, "was Vice-President Nixon stoned in South America, while the New York Philharmonic Orchestra is . . . everywhere cheered in these same South American cities?"

THE NEW YORK TIMES correspondent in Bolivia answers by giving credit to music's charms but adds: "The personal popularity of Mr. Bernstein, as conductor, pianist and indefatigable goodwill ambassador addressing audiences and press in Spanish has been a major factor in the extraordinary success of the tour."

THE VERSATILE Mr. Bernstein lives and works, reports HENRY BRANDON, in an "elegant flat" opposite Carnegie Hall. There Mr. Brandon tape-recorded this conversation, third in a series done originally for *The Sunday Times* of London by its Washington correspondent. Conversations with WALTER REUTHER, BEN SHAHN, MARGARET MEAD and others will appear exclusively in this country in coming issues of *The New Republic*.

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now—and you can explain all that very simply on different grounds. In other words, extra-architectural grounds. Just as in the same way you can answer your question on extra-musical grounds, giving social reasons. It is certainly true that England presented us with the musical and that all our early musicals were blatant imitations of the English techniques, which reached a fantastic high with Gilbert and Sullivan. But when we began to grow as a place of our own, we began to develop our own little cultural wave and England had already hit the top of her cultural wave in this—I'm speaking only of this one little field—with Gilbert and Sullivan—and from then on it was a kind of decline, not without its minor glories but still a decline. Does that answer your question?

BRANDON: Yes, yes. I think that sometime ago you said that the musical may be the transition to serious music in America.

BERNSTEIN: Yes, well I have the feeling that the form is growing in such a vital way that it may wind up—and I hope it does—in some kind of American musical, theatrical form which I hesitate to call opera (but that's the only word I can find for it at the moment until a new one is made up) which would treat the English language in a natural way so that you could do serious things through music and say serious things through music in the theatre without sounding like a translation from *Aida*—and it's a matter of developing a prosody and a kind of musical setting which enables the language to sing in its own way—and I mean the American language as opposed to the English language, which is one of the problems, of course. . . . A great deal of the language in *West Side Story,* for example, is affected by the talk of jazz people and jive talk, which is basically Negro and by the talk of Puerto Ricans and the way they talk English has lent this book a beautiful poetic quality, which it couldn't otherwise have because you can't sit down and write poetry in a realistic play about delinquents. And yet, what Arthur Laurents has done so brilliantly in this book and Stephen Sondheim in the lyrics is to provide a kind of language which has poetry because of these semi-foreign elements in the speech.

BRANDON: Do you think there's anything basically distinctive about American music as compared to modern music in other countries?

BERNSTEIN: Yes, I do. I really do.

BRANDON: How would you characterize it?

BERNSTEIN: Well there are two kinds of so-called American music. One is—I take it you're speaking of serious music now—

BRANDON: Yes.

BERNSTEIN: One is an American music which is deliberate, which is self-consciously nationalistic and hardly ever works as a result. And then there is the unconscious kind, which works in proportion to the talent of the composer, but is much more meaningful in that the jazz influences and whatever other influences we have—and there are others—operate in a kind of osmosis, infect the music so that they appear in the final result in a much more subtle way, so that the music doesn't scream: "Listen to me! Look how American I am!" It just is American because that's the way it had to come out. Jazz is certainly the chief of these influences and there are others which are hard to describe. There's a certain kind of loneliness that inhabits a lot of American music and a kind of athleticism which is different from British athleticism, and there is a certain kind of urban melancholia—it's awfully hard to pinpoint these things. You feel them when you hear them—they're hard to talk about—and a feeling very often of big spaces in American music which, I suppose, derive from the fact that there are big spaces here and one is conscious of them. I think the hectic quality, the lonely quality and the athletic quality are the three main American qualities.

BRANDON: I am prejudiced against modern music to some extent, but maybe that's why I hear a lot of the street noises in American modern music—

BERNSTEIN: Children's calls and —

BRANDON: Yes, the automation, the industrial machine tools working—

BERNSTEIN: Well, I think that's something you've probably built up in your own mind because the most automational pieces I can think of are by Stravinsky, who is a Russian, and Villa-Lobos, who is a Brazilian, and Honegger, who is a Swiss-Frenchman—you can name all kinds of modern music that is not American, that is highly mechanized sounding. . . . I don't think that your inability to follow modern music is necessarily related to the period. It may be related to the fact that modern music speaks new idioms, new languages and it is still, for all the talk about it, in a fairly experimental stage. It has been for about 50 years. . . . And you don't feel easy with it because it's a new kind of language. You depend too much on symmetry and on the old formal rudiments of composition, which have been protested against and revolted against for half a century now. And maybe that's all wrong—maybe we'll find that we just have to go back to writing equal phrases and C Major triads and all the rest of it again. Maybe that's what music is really all about. But for the moment we are living in a time when we're looking for everything but—when I say "we" I don't mean myself necessarily—but that is what most composers are busy with. They're busy trying to find new ways of writing music—new musical things to say.

BRANDON: I read the other day in *Encounter* magazine an interview with Stravinsky—did you see that? He said: "Today harmonic novelty is at an end. As a medium of

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musical construction, harmony offers no further resources in which to inquire and from which to seek profit." This is really the essence of what he said. Do you agree with that?

BERNSTEIN: Yes, he's absolutely right. The word I quarrel with is "profit." I still believe—and *very* strongly—that one can still derive what I think Stravinsky means by "profit" from a C Major chord, if one has something to say, in other words, one can use harmony with all its resources—even though I agree with him that these resources are exhausted in terms of trying to find new materials. But there *are* ways—I know there are ways—of using these materials in a new way. Because—you see, it's like saying that the words of a language are finished. There can't be any new words—we have all the words we need except technical words for new inventions. And therefore nothing new can be said in that language. But that's not true. Somebody can come along with the word "bread" and the word "lamp" and make something new out of it. Don't you agree?

BRANDON: Is there any way you can define modern music, then?

BERNSTEIN: Well, if I had to define it, I would have to say that it is a movement in search of a new expression. In other words, modern music is anything that isn't old music.

BRANDON: But isn't it very imitative?

BERNSTEIN: Of what?

BRANDON: Of old music?

BERNSTEIN: Sometimes. What Stravinsky had in mind with that paragraph is another way of looking at the construction of music. . . . What Stravinsky is getting at is a new attitude toward music—a new conception of it—opposite from the concept that says tune and its accompaniment. He doesn't write tunes, except now and then in ballets and such. But his fundamental approach is what is known as "motivic" and his fundamental technique is what is known as "serial." The serial technique being based on the succession of the number of notes, which do not necessarily mean a melody in the old sense with an accompaniment; which series is then manipulated in a variety of ways to produce a composition. And by "motivic" you would mean using motives rather than long themes or long, romantic melodies as we've come to know them. That doesn't mean that there aren't a lot of composers who are still writing tunes with accompaniment—like me, for example, old-fashioned boy that I am—but most composers, especially the more serious ones, are engaged in motivic and serial kinds of composition.

BRANDON: You spoke of the flowering from Beethoven to Mahler—

BERNSTEIN: I think I said Mozart—

Leonard Bernstein

BRANDON: Oh Mozart to Mahler—you mean that there was—you implied progress—

BERNSTEIN: Well there was a great development of the sonata form beginning just before Mozart and culminating in the gigantic works of Mahler. Perhaps the high point of this was Beethoven; many people would say that, many people would say that everything that followed Beethoven—like Brahms and Schumann—was already the decline. That's a highly puristic point of view. Many people feel that Beethoven was just a step along the way and that it reached its ultimate in Bruckner and Mahler and then exploded—finished. But there is a definite line of symphonic development.

BRANDON: But what about atonality . . . the new era of Schonberg let's say.

BERNSTEIN: Well Schonberg followed that period—the great hundred years, I mean, between Mozart and Mahler. It's more than a hundred—roughly the whole 19th Century, let's say, with a little bit on either end added. Atonality came out of the decline of this great rise in German music. That is, once the pieces became so expressive and so huge and so full of development and complexity, then something new had to be found. And we are still in that struggling transition period started by Schonberg at the beginning of this century, which is trying to find a meaningful, expressive music without tonality. This is only about half the composers of the world; the other half still maintain that tonality is essential, but by their own ways of treating it and making it sound fresh. But it's a tough fight to keep tonality and sound fresh and not sound like what everybody else has written before.

BRANDON: Who would you count among the foremost American "fighters"—if you put it that way.

BERNSTEIN: Well, among those who are trying to preserve tonality and find fresh ways of expressing themselves tonally are: Aaron Copland and Roy Harris and Roger Sessions and William Schuman and so on. But there are many, many composers in America—and mostly the younger ones—who are following the Schonbergian ways.

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Now there seems to be a rapprochement of these two camps taking place—the camp headed by Stravinsky heretofore, which was always a tonal school, and the camp headed by Schonberg, which was an atonal school. Now they are always borrowing from each other. And maybe out of this coming together of the two camps will come the real, basic music of our century. That's why I say that we're in a transitional period now.

BRANDON: You wrote the other day in *The Atlantic Monthly* that you discern four levels of meaning in music; narrative literary meaning as in "Till Eulenspiegel" and the "Sorcerer's Apprentice"; atmospheric pictorial meanings as in "La Mer" and "Pictures at an Exhibition"; effective reactive meanings such as triumph, pain, wistfulness, regret, cheerfulness, melancholy—

BERNSTEIN: Goodness, did I write all that?

BRANDON: —typical of 19th Century romanticism; and purely musical meanings. And then you said that only the fourth is the really important one.

BERNSTEIN: Um—hum.

BRANDON: I may misunderstand that, but I was wondering whether you do not almost say that neither the good novel or poem or drama is important; what matters is Fowler's *Modern English Usage*.

BERNSTEIN: Oh when you speak of a novel or a poem or a dream—well not a poem necessarily—but when you speak of something done with words in general—you are speaking of forms which use a medium that is transparent. In other words, "words" are mainly important for what they mean. The word "lamp" means just that and you can use it in various contexts, but it will always mean lamp. But an F Sharp means absolutely nothing except in context. So that musical meanings are necessarily abstract; they are in terms of notes.

BRANDON: Well the word "lamp" doesn't necessarily create any particular reaction in me. . . .

BERNSTEIN: Of course it doesn't, unless it's used in a certain way.

BRANDON: But if it's, say, in the context of a poem or in a dream, it expresses something.

BERNSTEIN: I know. It may not create any reaction in you, but it has a meaning for you no matter how much you try to avoid it. Words *mean* things—they are representational. Music is non-representational and that's the whole trouble; that's why literary people can never understand how a musician works and why very often musicians are so inarticulate.

Musicians are working with an abstract medium. It's the difference between objective and non-objective painters. An objective painter will say: "What is the point of painting?" The point is to represent things as you see them —as I, the painter, see them. If I see a horse and I want to paint it, I'm going to paint this horse either exactly as I see it, try to get as lifelike resemblance as possible, or I'm going to paint it as I happen to see the light falling on it—as Van Gogh would have said—or as I see it from this angle in which there's a certain distortion and I want to show the distortion, or as I see it in recollection or in a dream or when I'm drunk—so that it has three heads or whatever. But he's still painting something which is a horse, and he will say that all these other people who paint lines and circles and blobs are fakers.

Now those fake people will say: "No, we are closer to music. We're doing more what the musician does, which is to take the abstract elements of his medium and make meaning out of them." And on either side of these two painting schools, you will find on the objective side the extreme is the writer, who has settled down with meaningful words because his medium is *all* meanings, representational meanings. And on the other extreme—next to the abstract painter—the musician, because music means absolutely nothing except musically. Now there are all kinds of variations and gradations—there are lots of literary people who have tried to use words in a non-objective way, like Gertrude Stein and Joyce and this has affected a great deal of modern poetry—Cummings, The Surrealists—and it has also affected the other end of the scale, the other extreme of musicians in a way which makes them try to write music that has extra-musical meanings.

That's the origin of the whole plot to make the opening of Beethoven's Fifth sound like V for Victory—or mean V for Victory . . . and that makes the symphony twice as popular because the first three notes stand for V. But that's nonsense! V has nothing to do with those first three notes—all they are is three Gs and an E Flat and a certain rhythm and sonority and tempo, which produce an extraordinary effect on the hearer. What are you going to do—it's a freak of nature, that's all.

BRANDON: But it could give me the feeling of pain or joy—

BERNSTEIN: It doesn't have to mean anything. It means—Ba-Ba-Ba—BMMM! That's what it means. You can stand on your head and write treatises for the rest of your life and it won't mean anything but that.

BRANDON: But it could give me the feeling of pain or joy—

BERNSTEIN: Certainly—you can have any reactions you want. It can excite visions in you of leading an army to battle or of sleeping with somebody you like—anything you want—but it's still three Gs and an E Flat which don't mean anything. You can *make* them mean anything you want. . . . You can in a general sense attach them to human emotions and reactions—you can say those three Gs and an E Flat have something of rage and power and dynamism about them—but that's all vague talk. What do rage and power and dynamism mean? They mean nothing compared to the effect of those notes. The notes are important—that's what I mean by musical meaning.

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BOOKS & COMMENT

Galbraith's New Economics

by Robert Lekachman

ALWAYS when the public reputation of economists has been highest economists have discussed important contemporary problems and reached conclusions not too far from the instinctive answers of the unlearned. The great period of political economy's prestige, ushered in by Adam Smith and continued in the 19th Century by Ricardo, Malthus, and Mill, was a time when economists talked about what worried the laity: the high price of bread, the depreciation of English money, the grim poverty of the new industrial towns, and the appalling tendency of the poor to multiply. The economists' answers appealed to the minds as well as the interests of men of affairs: free trade, repeal of the Corn Laws, and amendment of the Poor Laws to penalize unwise marriage and overenthusiastic propagation. The analysis might have been abstract — few economists have written more aridly than Ricardo—but the problems were real and the solutions were sensible. Because the ordinary person expects economists to give useful advice, sophisticated demonstrations that advice is no business of the economist fail to convince, partly because the demonstrations are frequently unintelligible.

The Affluent Society, by J. K. Galbraith (Houghton Mifflin; $4.75).

During the Great Depression, economists as a group (there were honorable exceptions) were revealed as devoted slaves of ancient formulae irrelevant to contemporary emergencies. Impeccable as might have been the logic of balanced budgets, Presidential appeals for confidence (and they are heard again in the land), fiscal probity, and automatic adjustments, their inability to speed recovery was unfortunately total. Just at the time when economics seemed useless, it became harder and harder to understand, a condition pleasant to none but the guardians of an esoteric craft.

Not amazingly, economists suffered in public repute. They recovered only when John Maynard Keynes in the middle of the decade once more brought economic theory into touch with economic questions and economic answers. Writing in a time of severe unemployment, Keynes naturally emphasized income, output, and employment. No doubt the refinements of his analysis intrigued economists, but what attracted ordinary folk was the sanction his theory gave to tax reductions and expenditure increases, in the name of total demand and higher employment.

KEYNES was surely the great economist of the first half of this century. Precisely because he was so great, suggests Galbraith, economists, hypnotized by his authority, are beginning to lose touch with today's realities and today's problems. They are beginning to give the wrong answers. What has happened? Galbraith charges economists and the rest of us with pursuing the same aim as we did in the thirties and using the old techniques which work less and less well in the fifties. Galbraith's enemy is the conventional wisdom which belatedly emphasizes what was right a decade ago. For economists a major tenet of the conventional wisdom is heavy emphasis upon ever increasing output. The ordinary person, disgusted by the meretriciousness of many products and the obscenity of the devices used to sell them, may doubt the rationality of simply increasing the output of the frivolous, useless, and occasionally harmful. But it has long been an article of faith among economists not to question the public's taste, to adopt in fact the idiot's position that one commodity is as good as another so long as both find customers.

SUCH WISDOM Galbraith allows himself to question. The result is a fresh wind blowing over old problems. What Galbraith does best is to demonstrate the inconsistency and foolishness of our objectives. Do we really want goods so badly? Why do advertisers press them so frantically upon us then? What we really want is not more goods but steady jobs and stable incomes. For these ends we work frantically to produce a demand for the unnecessary goods which provide highly necessary jobs. The folly in a sensible world of urging human beings to buy expensive and unaesthetic cars which they quite probably do not want, justifies itself only out of consideration of the jobs of workers in autos, steel, glass, rubber, paint and other industries. But, asks Galbraith, haven't things got twisted when we produce in order to provide jobs instead of get jobs in order to produce? And haven't we ignored a central point: mass poverty has disappeared and its disappearance explains why we want additional goods only languidly.

Once we understand that what really concerns us is income not production, we can deal more constructively with some of our policy difficulties. Liberals have long depended on fiscal policy as their answer to recession, but fiscal policy looks more dangerous when prices rise while employment contracts. Although liberals conventionally prefer inflation to unemployment, they frequently pretend that they don't have to choose. Conservatives find in current circumstances a justification for their favorite policy, inaction. Is there nothing except fiscal policy?

There is for Galbraith. In some of the most controversial pages of this provoca-

NR Summer Schedule

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tive book, he advocates a series of alternatives or changed emphases. Since maintained income rather than output concerns us, why not raise unemployment compensation to a large percentage of normal income and raise the percentage as unemployment rises, on the view that the worse the recession the harder it is to find a job and the more necessary is government aid? Once we take our eyes off Gross National Product, we may see that we have neglected a vital principle of social balance by starving our public services. While our autos are one kind of disgrace, our city streets, antiquated schools, and shoddy dwellings are another, more important criticism of our choices. Once we recover from the notion that there is something sacred about private output and something slightly disgraceful about public production, we can happily divert some of our wasted resources to the public sphere.

Paradoxically, if we do so we serve the interests of stability since these are goods we really need, and efficiently, since we train the human beings who create goods. How do we raise money? By sales taxes if necessary. Since poverty has changed its meaning, since education benefits most those whose incomes are lowest, the liberal's usual attack upon regressive taxation fails. Finally, if we need price controls over those industries where a few firms dominate the scene, only prejudice, Galbraith charges, prevents us from employing them.

THIS impressive book is written with all the charm, wit, and bite which makes Galbraith a rarity in his generation. Moreover, it is infused with genuine public concern and real social passion. Economists will attack this book severely. I disagree with many details myself. But let one economist be recorded as saying that he is convinced that Galbraith has done an enormous service to the cause of intelligent economic and social debate. In the end, he may have done as substantial a service to the prestige of economics itself.

English Departments, Reviewers, and the Novel

by Charles Shapiro

ANYONE who loves to read contemporary American literature does not want to keep his enthusiasm to himself; a part of the joy is in shared discovery, in knowing that what is read is appreciated by others. When exciting novels by Ralph Ellison, Saul Bellow, Harvey Swados, or Bernard Malamud are published it is an event of importance to intelligent people and they should be made aware of the event. Unfortunately, outside of the heartland of New York City (and possibly San Francisco, though I have a sneaking suspicion that the city's "renaissance" is as phony as its poetry) this enthusiasm can only be communicated through two professional channels: the periodicals that devote themselves to discussing newly published books and the universities. Both have failed.

American Moderns, by Maxwell Geismar (Hill and Wang; cloth—$3.95, paper—$1.95).

The universities' failure is the most apparent. Too many professors of English are still in the tradition of the scholastic boob that H. L. Mencken so wonderfully deflated. The professor has many concerns, but contemporary literature is not one of them.

A recent questionnaire, distributed to faculty members of Wayne State University, showed that the following (in order) were the most frequently read magazines:

Time
Saturday Review
Life
The New Yorker
The New York Times Book Review
Harpers
The Reporter
The Atlantic
Newsweek
The Reader's Digest

This survey also inquired about "specialized" magazines, and in the English Department (soon to publish a new magazine entitled "Criticism") it was found that the most widely read periodicals were *PMLA* (*Publication of the Modern Language Association*), *American Literature*, and *College English*. *The Partisan Review, The Western Review, Accent,* and *The Hudson Review* were not regularly read by more than one person responding to the poll. One rather amazing fact brought out was that 70 percent of the *PMLA* readers stated they "regularly read" the book reviews in that journal—amazing because *PMLA* never reviews books. The point is that what is good in American literature today can't be sold by professors to students because the professors remain in carefully proud ignorance except for what is fed them by Henry Luce or Norman Cousins.

This makes the role of the better book reviewers all the more important, and I am afraid too many of them simply do not understand how important what they do really is. They picture the American University as in the control of a highly organized group of "New Critics," men interested in what Maxwell Geismar, in his new book, calls a "literary monopoly." I have never met more than one full fledged "New" critic in any college I have taught at, unless they are being disguised, for security reasons, as track coaches, dieticians, or department chairmen. The English Departments are simply not interested in reading what was written yesterday, and the conspiracy, if any, is not one sponsored by Southern conservatives but one kept up by all geographical regions.

MAXWELL GEISMAR is one of a band of regular reviewers who must, therefore, do their work and the universities' as well, and *American Moderns* gives us a chance to see what Geismar has done. His book, a smorgasbord of critical pieces, introductions, book reviews, and essays is a necessary detour from his series of studies on the novel in America. For as one of our most respected and prolific critics of the contemporary novel, appearing with regularity in most of the widely read magazines, he is one of a holy group that tells many of us (and I do not mean this in any bad sense, for it *is* the job of book-reviewers) what to read.

Geismar sees the novel as a means of giving us knowledge and "a personal and intimate diary of the American mind during this period that we can find almost nowhere else." He quotes

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Mark Twain who once wrote that "when a thousand able novels have been written, there you will have the soul of the people, the life of the people, the speech of the people . . . " and for Geismar the task of commenting on this material is an appropriate function of the literary critic.

It is more than an appropriate function. For despite all we know of (and have been bored to death by discussions of) conformity, many fine novels are being written today. However, Geismar sees much of today's fiction as lacking a "vital center," and this theme runs through his reviews, whether he is demolishing the obvious (Herman Wouk), bewailing the fall of the greats (John Dos Passos and John Steinbeck) or re-evaluating past heroes (Dreiser and Thomas Wolfe). Geismar is especially able at cautioning us not to go overboard with our praise, the best current example being the disgraceful adulation of James Gould Cozzens' hymn to mediocrity.

But the overall effect of reading Geismar's work in one lump is rather odd. You admire his ability to read painstakingly and his honest pieces of analysis. Yet something is missing that is present in even the shorter reviews of, say, Cowley, Howe, Hicks, Chase and Kazin. And this is a sense of style, of knowing, upon reading Geismar, that this *is* Geismar writing. He writes carefully, accurately, yet his prose seems to be prose playing it safe: and while this might be appropriate for his longer and more important books, it robs his reviews of the personality that keeps a review from being an obituary. This is especially sad as Geismar is one of the small band of non-academic reviewers whom one can trust and genuinely respect. As a reviewer he fails to excite, and since he usually can distinguish the good from the mediocre, the failure is all the more tragic.

A COMMUNICATION

A Latin-American Exile on Nixon's Tour

SIRS:

As a Latin American exiled for many years, I wish to congratulate you for your sincere editorial of May 26, and the magnificent article by Gerald W. Johnson on the disagreeable incidents occurred to Mr. Nixon while travelling in our countries.

In the first place, it was ill-advised for him to go there, where we all know he is a politician trying to build himself up to become a presidential candidate. We are not political illiterates though we have many illiterates in our countries.

In the second place, Mr. Nixon was not the best choice for a "Good-neighbor" visit to our hemisphere. He is the same Nixon who during his trip to Central America some time ago was pictured embracing that champion of "democracy," the late dictator Somoza, who when he was shot by a Nicaraguan patriot, received telegrams by Eisenhower, Nixon and Foster Dulles wishing him well and condemning the patriotic youth who killed him. Not only the telegrams, but a plane came with American physicians to take care of the "great friend" of America. Nixon also has appeared embracing that despot of the Dominican Republic, Trujillo, murderer of thousands of his compatriots for desiring a democratic regime.

Your President made it worse when he sent troops to "save" Nixon. This recalls to us the marines who installed Trujillo in power and who brought Somoza to power—after murdering the great patriot Bandino. Is this the kind of democracy that the "free world" is fighting for?

If Nixon is really sincere about his "abhorrence of dictators" as he said in some Latin American countries, why is he so silent over the sending of arms to that butcher of Cuba, Batista? He even has been using the "good offices" of the American military missions to train the soldiers who kill Cuban youths and intellectuals for fighting for freedom. Why do not he do something to stop the FBI men from harassing Latin American refugees in this country? I, like many others, are being shadowed by myriads of policemen. . . . We are not anti-Americans; we are anti-imperialists fighting for our freedoms against unscrupulous merchants who exploit our richesses and bribe bloody dictators.

We have good American friends like Waldo Frank, very popular and beloved in our countries — and shame for the US—little known in his own country. These are the kind of goodneighbors you ought to send to our countries—not thousands of FBI men who work together with police governments in our countries, like in the case of the Venezuelan murderer and chief of secret police, decorated for his "friendship" to the United States in Venezuela.

The present situation of hatred will not be cured soon; it will last as long as you have in Washington men like Eisenhower, Nixon and Foster Dulles who decorate tyrants with the highest awards of this country. Send us cultural missions, experts, artists, writers, students—not weapons to kill our people who are fighting for real freedom and progress!

MANUEL RIVERA-TORRES
New York City

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Impersonality Like a Shield

by Gerald Weales

L. P. HARTLEY approaches the titular hero of his new novel, *The Hireling,* like a child constructing an elaborate paper doll: He cuts carefully around the man's general outline, pencils in a line here, adds a touch of color there. By the middle of chapter one, he can hold up his paper figure and say, this is the way Stephen Leadbitter looks. By the end of the first chapter, it is clear how Stephen Leadbitter got where he is—in the driver's seat of the car that he hires out to a growing list of customers in London. Although the reader knows that Leadbitter is handsome and a misogynist, that he has affection only for his car and telephone, the car-hire driver remains impersonal; he is a collection of details and not yet a character. In chapter five, to please the inquisitive Lady Franklin, Leadbitter begins, haltingly, a little angrily, to invent a family for himself; as he picks his way from fiction to fiction, building a wife in the image of the lady who sits beside him ("Why, she's a little like you, my lady, if I may say so"), he comes suddenly to life. Stephen Leadbitter becomes a human being, ready, since this is an L. P. Hartley novel, to be a little ridiculous and a little pathetic; ready, most of all, to suffer.

The Hireling, by L. P. Hartley (Rinehart; $3.50).

A novelist has either to stand to one side, watching, narrating, occasionally explaining the action, or to plunge himself into the novel, becoming one of the characters and letting the others take shape as reflections that bounce off him; he has to be either E. M. Forster or Samuel Butler. Hartley's method is allied to Forster's. Hartley's vantage point and the precision with which he operates from it allow him to do two things at once. He can say to the reader, this is the way human beings are and act and, since it is not you, how foolish it is; in the same instant he can qualify, since it might be you (have you looked lately?), how sad it is.

Primarily, *The Hireling* is the story of a man who wears impersonality like a shield and who discovers, bewilderingly, that his shield has been pierced. When Lady Franklin questions him about his personal life, an attempt to break her two-year mourning for her husband by manufacturing an interest in something outside herself, Leadbitter's impulse is almost purely commercial — give the customer what she wants. The household that he invents — the wife and the three children—begin to haunt him, to represent a quality that his lonely life has need of. As he drives Lady Franklin to visit the English cathedrals (a passion of her dead husband), he adds new incidents to the Leadbitter family chronicle, but it is only her presence as catalyst that allows the story to grow; alone in his room, he can remember, but cannot build. Hartley never allows Leadbitter or his phantom family to become a simplified fantasy; Leadbitter's attitude toward himself, toward the imaginary wife and the real Lady Franklin is complicated by the fact that he continues to see the latter as both customer and woman. He uses the family's financial difficulties to get a gift from Lady Franklin; in the giving, she is freed to move once again in the world and he is trapped by his misunderstanding of the gift into an attempt to kiss her. The gradual disintegration of Leadbitter is a step-by-step dismissal of the mask that he has built for himself; it culminates in a wild ride—a violation of himself as driver and of his new limousine—which ends in his death and that of Hughie, the artist to whom Lady Franklin has become engaged.

As Leadbitter moves awkwardly toward his final drive, the character of Lady Franklin unfolds clearly and with bite. At first, she appears simply as a rather pathetic young widow, bitten by guilt at having been at a cocktail party when her husband died. Without quite knowing what she is about, Lady Franklin uses Leadbitter and the check she gives him to allay her feeling of having failed her dead husband, replacing the with gratitude toward the driver. nced the same way she erases her o ice, *An* easiness at Leadbitter's pass, dwagon. posing to Hughie. The last e in Paris, which she learns that Le the obvious. loved her and accepts his S vely parks of as a kind of totem—indica uary is made Franklin is likely to go on, role. changed by what has happe any hint irony of *The Hireling* is tha of two Franklin has used Leadbitter as a rte- ration to her own moods and that r or in the using, has been stripped of the false front, has become a man and has died in the process.

There are weaknesses in *The Hireling,* particularly when it is compared to *The Perfect Woman,* the novel that preceded it. The pattern of Leadbitter's activities, once his obsession gets a hold on him, although right, is too repetitious; the dream that Hartley gives him when he falls asleep in the pub is too pat, like Hollywood psychology. Still *The Hireling,* like *The Perfect Woman,* is a good ironic novel about the realities and appearances of love.

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By Cozzens Unpossessed

by Michael Millgate

By Love Possessed was published in England early in April. None of the critics has treated it as worthless, it seems to be selling reasonably well, and there are longish waiting lists for it at public libraries, but it is clear that Mr. Cozzens won't have the critical and popular success in England that he has had in the United States.

The English reviewers showed themselves very much aware of the book's American reputation, and most of them referred to this in their opening remarks. Maurice Richardson, writing in the *New Statesman*, began by warning his readers:

> Do not be too surprised, or discouraged, by the raving reception which Mr. Cozzens' new novel has had in its native land. American reviewers, despite their skeptical, colloquial front, are suckers for the inflated mandarin pseudo-masterpiece. In a period of confused reaction, disintegration and formal bankruptcy, *By Love Possessed* is just the concoction to stampede them and the book clubs. It has several of the ingredients that impress the middle-ow and give illusion of depth: nos-gia, a bogus philosophy of life, a bated style.

> admits that the novel is constructed," but detects a the unsatisfactoriness of ur Winner, who "remains, achant for making love in as, a stuffed shirt and a

ay seemed to like Arthur Win- the previous Sunday, bo John calf in *The Sunday Tim* n- as Wilson in *The Obser* d on the word "prig" as be g him. Metcalf, although he cou Winner and thought Cozzens' pr ta- tion of him the "major weakness" of the book, ended his review on a note of high, if qualified, praise:

> This is an absorbing, moving, consummately professional piece of work. Mr. Cozzens may not quite have achieved all that he set out t but here is the best novel we're likely to have from America this year—or n xt.

Angus Wilson, in ew headed "Back to Galsworth ss enthusiastic. One of his main points is that Cozzens' "manner, his point of view, and, indeed, in a sense, his matter are not really of this century, but determinedly of the last," and that "placed beside the great 19th Century novels to which it is allied, it is impossible, despite its considerable merits, to take *By Love Possessed* very seriously." Winner is inadequate ("a know-all and a prig"), but the harshest words are reserved for Cozzens' "peculiar, difficult and pretentious idiom": "The best, I think that one can say for the style is that in reading so long a book one gets used to it."

THERE is no doubt, I think, that the American enthusiasm for the book had made the English reviewers very cagey, and the later publication date in this country gave time for reinforcement of their doubts to come from, for example, the reviews by Dwight Macdonald (*Commentary*) and Irving Howe (*New Republic*) and the *New Yorker* parody "By Words Obsessed." This is, in some ways, a recurrence of the situation that arose over *The Outsider*, but this time with the boot on the other foot.

On the other hand, *By Love Possessed*, whatever its faults, scarcely deserves some of the treatment it has received. David Williams dealt with it quite politely in the *Manchester Guardian* but in *The Times* the unidentified reviewer discussed it second in a clutch of five novels, and concluded with this passage of masterly irrelevance, or sheer misundertanding:

> Some legal and criminal cases in which Arthur and his firm are involved set off one or two dramatic stories, but *By Love Possessed* is more of a conversation piece consisting of life-size figures drawn with the brush of a miniaturist than an eventful narrative. Drink, lechery adultery, embezzlement, lust, suicide are, nevertheless, to be found in Bracton; the town, however, refuses to be another Peyton Place.

By far the most remarkable English commentary on *By Love Possessed* that I have yet seen is a review by D. W. Harding, the distinguished literary critic and psychologist, which a *Spectator* on April 18. This der piece of work than any of the other reviews. Harding gives the impression of having been totally unaffected by the American furor over the book, and he treats it on a level of seriousness comparable only to that of the recent article on Cozzens' philosophy in *The American Scholar*. As in that article, however, the point of view is primarily non-literary: Harding writes as a psychologist rather than as a literary critic. He inquires at some length, for example, into the question of whether Cozzens has really covered the whole range of sexual behavior: "In earlier novels, too, he ignored the possibility of a subtler intimacy between man and woman achieved by way of sexuality. . . . " Generally he has nothing but praise for the book. Even Arthur Winner he sees not as a prig but as "a percipient of almost Jamesian subtlety." True, there is "a certain slowness and heaviness," but the concluding lines of the review speak of "the serious concern with responsibility and choice that gives such maturity to Cozzens' examination of crime and moral debility."

MOST remarkable of all is Harding's appreciation of Cozzens' style: his preoccupation with psychology seems to have got the better of his literary judgment:

> The texture of the writing accords with the straightforward, packed narrative. Its only departure from traditional structure is the occasional use of long parentheses that separate the beginning of a sentence from the end in a way that departs drastically from spoken language and suggests something of the rapid tangential survey that many occur in a thought sequence without disrupting it. The device disturbs ordinary reading, with its associated images of speech, but it emphasizes that what is being interrupted is a representation of thought and reflection. The lavish use of quotation and allusion, a feature of this last novel, contributes towards defining the position, civilized, well-read, ironic from which the story is told.

Not even in America, I think, has Cozzens' style received so elaborate and complete an apologia. The implied disparagement of "ordinary reading" is a little hard to take, however: perhaps someone should send Professor Harding an offprint of "By Words Obsessed."

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MOVIES

Hollywood at Ease

HOLLYWOOD, like the solid, middle-class body it is, likes to slip off its shoes and settle down with a nice entertaining story. "Enough, for a while," it seems to say, "of struggling to be highbrow. We've done a couple of pictures this year on social problems, we've tackled our Faulkner and O'Neill, we've strained to make films out of basically unfilmable best-sellers just because they're best-sellers. We're entitled to a little relaxation." That relaxation benefits us, too, for it often takes the form of a kind of picture that Hollywood does best: Westerns, suspense, comedy (visual not verbal), musicals. Better *The Gunfighter* than *No Down Payment*, better a new Hitchcock than Selznicked Hemingway. One senses this relaxation immediately in *Gigi*, the new M-G-M color musical. Spirits are released, appropriate talents are working at the top of their bent.

Gigi (MGM).

Gigi is consistently pleasant but is extraordinary in only one way. Do not be deceived by the advertising; the real star is Cecil Beaton, who designed the costumes and scenery. When the story ambles and the songs don't quite soar, the clothes and settings continue to enchant. A deaf man could enjoy *Gigi*. Ever since he did the costumes and décor for the ballet *Camille* and the 1946 revival of *Lady Windemere's Fan*, Americans have known that Beaton has an exceptional sympathy for Victorian costume that enables him to pick and balance the most delightful elements in it. His work in this film is gorgeous.

The screenplay is based on Colette's story (hardly a "novel," as the titles claim) which tells of a fifteen-year-old Parisian girl at the turn of the century. She is reared by her grandmother, a retired moderately successful courtesan, and by her great-aunt, a resoundingly successful one. They are training her to take her place in the family profession. (When Gigi is told by elegant Aunt Alicia that they are not ordinary people, she says, "Yes, I understand that we don't marry." Aunt replies: "Marriage is not forbidden to us. Instead of marrying 'at once', it sometimes happens that we marry 'at last'.") A wealthy young man named Gaston likes to visit their flat out of friendship for Grandmamma and the child, Gigi, becomes nicely nubile. A cordial Gallic business arrangement for her affections is proposed by Gaston and is rejected by Gigi (to her mentors' shock), doubly rejected when Gaston says he loves her. Gaston then realizes that he wants Gigi permanently; the unexpected proposal—marriage—is made and accepted.

LESLIE CARON (with a dubbed singing voice) is coltishly appealing as Gigi. Miss Caron, who looks like a more maidenly sister of Brigitte Bardot, has played the part in a non-musical version on the London stage, and it is apparent why the character, as such, attracts her. But—in this version, at least—Gaston's part is more interesting. Gigi is a ripening fruit waiting to be plucked; it is Gaston who progresses dramatically, who arrives at the point where he plucks the waiting fruit. As Gaston, the impeccably handsome Louis Jordan is not quite good enough; he lacks subtlety, precision, and, in spite of his good looks, scintillation. Hermione Gingold is more acceptable than usual as Grandmamma, and Isabel Jeans is delicately regal as that 1900 Diane de Poitiers, Aunt Alicia.

There is, beyond Beaton's designs, one unmixed blessing in the picture. Someone had the happy thought of writing in an uncle for Gaston, an aging philosophical *boulevardier*, and of giving the part to Maurice Chevalier. Every time Chevalier approaches, one mutters, "No, it's too silly. I'm not going to be charmed by a man who deliberately sets out to charm me"; and every time, Chevalier prevails. Even though you can see him cunningly bringing to bear on you all the wiles he has acquired in 50 years of music halls, he wins; and you are happy to have him win. It is Chevalier's deftness that makes acceptable the song "Thank Heaven For Little Girls;" it is his innuendo without cliché and his knowledge of how to build an exit that make a movie audience applaud "I'm Glad I'm Not Young Any More." How cheering it is to see a player who was renowned for sex appeal develop what might be called Veteran Appeal.

THE ten songs in the picture were written by Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe, authors of the score of *My Fair Lady*. (Lerner also wrote the screenplay.) The much-discussed resemblance of this score to the *Lady* score is indeed strong; one of the songs—Gaston's discovery of how much Gigi means to him—is in form almost a duplicate of "I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face." But although none of the tunes is memorable, all of them are adequate. The film w directed by Vincente Minnelli with same dexterity and taste that he evi in such musicals as *Funny Fa American in Paris*, and *The Ban* Much of this picture was mad and Minnelli has avoided ' He takes us into the lo Paris; in fact, the park stat to play a kind of subsidiary

It is interesting to note how of distastefulness—in the idea old women raising a girl to be a co san, in Chevalier's waiting around t little girls to grow up, in Jourdan's financial offer—has been kept out of the film. The movie-makers have caught Colette's flavor in the matter. The boundaries of the story are firmly marked and, within them, the characters take their ethics seriously, different from ours though they may be. Their ambitions are reverenced by them; their conduct is graceful and never unkind. Serious values would look false in this context. Romance, not sociology, is our theme, and it makes for two amiable hours.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

Notes on Contributors

ROBERT LEKACHMAN is a member of the economics faculty of Barnard College. CHARLES SHAPIRO, who teaches at Wayne University, is the editor of a recently published anthology of American criticism. GERALD WEALES is on the English faculty of Brown University.

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Correspondence

(Continued from page 3)

on the part of the Commissioners for the various opinions rendered by the agencies. Not only did I make this suggestion as far back as 1937, but from 1933 to 1937 I tried vainly to get it adopted as a procedural principle by the Federal Trade Commission and by the Securities and Exchange Commission. I do not like the present practice of an anonymous opinion-writing division attached to a Commission for whose utterances there is only a collective responsibility and that of a rather remote nature.

The difficulty I faced in trying to get the adoption of that procedural principle was that several of my fellow Commissioners were neither lawyers nor persons with any real ability to write. Nevertheless, I would not object to their utilizing assistants in the writing of an opinion if they would only take a personal responsibility for what that opinion might contain. I believe that if this principle were followed there would be a more conscientious disposition of cases and that very much more importance would be placed upon the enunciation of principles in an opinion when an individual Commissioner, besides the Commission as a whole, would be required to place his imprimatur upon that opinion.

Moreover, the problem commonly comes up in the disposition of a litigated issue where the matter is referred to an individual to draft an opinion in accordance with the conclusions of the majority. I have not only seen it frequently happen but it has happened on several occasions to me, namely, that the opinion will not write and that the original unarticulated decision of the majority has to be changed if no sound basis can be found on which it can rest. Imagine, for example, how the Supreme Court of the United States would have fared in our history if it had followed the practice of rendering nothing but anonymous *per curiam* opinions.

Another defect of the present procedure is that it works somewhat against intellectual competition among the Commissioners themselves. Very few Commission opinions provide interesting reading. Substantially none of them, except dissenting opinions, reflect the internal travail that must again and again accompany the difficult process of decisions. Since no single individual takes the responsibility for or has a pride in a particular utterance, they tend to reflect a lowest common denominator rather than a piece of work whose goodness or badness can be ascribed to an individual.

JAMES M. LANDIS

New York City

The New Republic welcomes communications from its readers in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less lend themselves to publication more readily than longer letters.

► *The Late Mr. Swope*

SIRS:

I DENY lustily that I am to be classified as "the late Herbert Bayard Swope" as reported in your "Washington Wire" (*NR*, April 28).

You'll have to prove to me that I am wrong.

HERBERT BAYARD SWOPE

New York, N. Y.

► *A Holocaust by Accident*

SIRS:

YOUR reply to Cecil Bridges Jr. (*NR*, May 19) sidesteps the issue he has raised. The issue, as Mr. Bridges points out, is an entirely new source of danger, that of a holocaust triggered by an accident. You dismiss his first example (the whim of a deluded pilot), but say nothing about this second, where *both* sides engage in a "fail safe" operation, started, say, by some unidentified radar disturbance. Just how are these massive flights to be called off? Each side makes the return order contingent on the other side's order. To give the order first may mean the loss of precious hours, in case the other side means business. And so the assumption of the other's intention leads to the fulfillment of the assumption. . . .

You shrug off this danger with paternalizing remarks about the necessity of living with uncertainties. But are these chronic uncertainties (accidents, disease, etc.) in the same class with the one under consideration? A mature human being learns to accept the inevitability of his personal extinction and the possibility that it may occur at any time, but he has the satisfaction of knowing that his children will outlive him or, at any rate, other people's children. But what will happen to us if we come to

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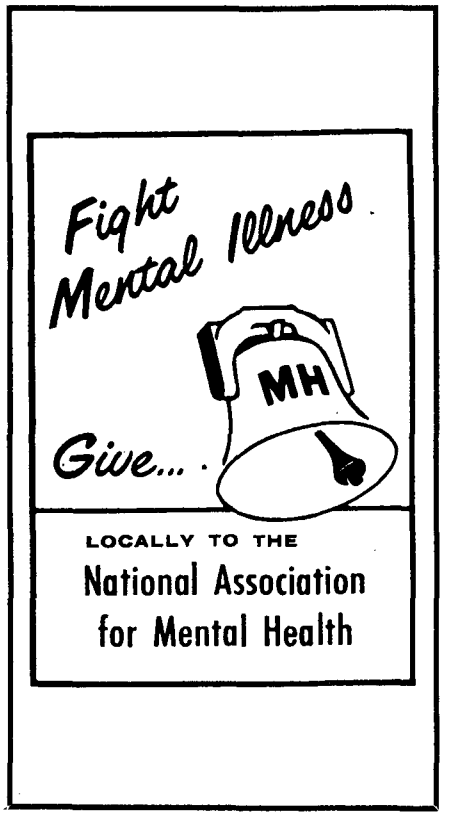

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accept the idea that humanity can become extinct at any moment?

ANATOL RAPOPORT
Ann Arbor, Michigan

We accepted some time ago "the idea that humanity [or, anyway, a good part of it] can become extinct at any moment." We certainly did not mean to "shrug off this danger with paternalizing remarks about the necessity of living with uncertainties." In fact, we fancy ourselves eternally alert for a rift in the clouds as perhaps our lead editorial of this week and last suggest. But neither do we believe that to be liberal we must be lotus-eaters.

On the danger if both sides engage in a "fail safe" operation we are anything but complacent. We do, however, take some comfort from the fact that the situation on the two sides of the Arctic is not, as the mathematicians say, "symmetrical." We have officially and openly conceded the Soviets the "privilege" of the first strike. Our own society is so wide-open that we do not believe our adversaries lack proof that our concession is sincere. For example, our obvious deficiency in defenses for our civilian population alone should establish the fact that we are not planning an aggressive attack. Therefore, we see no reason —at the moment—why a "fail safe" system should be necessary to the other side. Nor, as far as we know, do they in fact have one.

THE EDITORS

► *Stevenson for President*

SIRS:

THERE must be millions of us who feel as frustrated as Alma Clinger does about Adlai Stevenson. (*NR*, May 5.) Not all of my friends are Democrats, but there is a hope out here in California, among both Democrats and Republicans, that some way may be found to send Mr. Stevenson to the White House next time.

Is it too early to start ground-roots clubs for him?

FREDERICK D. POWERS

" . . . I agree completely"

I AGREE completely with Alma Clinger who still thinks Adlai Stevenson should be President. Of course he should. And I hope our Democratic party doesn't have a closed mind about 1960 candidates as the GOP has.

JACQUELINE TWETON
Jasper, Minn.

► *Thrice-Nominated Candidates*

REP. STEWART L. UDALL, in "Why Adlai Stevenson Haunts the Democrats" (*NR*, May 19) writes: "In all our history only two men—Henry Clay and William Jennings Bryan—have been thrice nominated . . ."

As doubtless thousands of your readers will tell you, Grover Cleveland was nominated three times, and won twice. In 1884, he defeated the Republican, James G. Blaine, and served as President until 1888, when he lost to Benjamin Harrison. Four years later he won over the same Benjamin Harrison and again was President until he was succeeded by William McKinley in 1886.

HAROLD DUANE JACOBS
Pikesville, Md.

► *Has Nixon Changed?*

SIRS:

MR. MAX FREEDMAN'S defense of Vice President Nixon in the *Manchester Guardian*, referred to by T.R.B. (*NR*, May 5), merely shows how easy it is for Mr. Nixon to gull correspondents for foreign journals along with some otherwise rational people.

Mr. Freedman surely has been taken in when he can say that Mr. Nixon could not carry a campaign in California which "outrated the patriotism of the Democratic Party or impugned the loyalty of its accredited leaders" *because* there are more registered Democrats than Republicans here. But Nixon did! . . . Well, he *hasn't* changed since 1950.

JAMES E. WALKER
Santa Ana, California

► *Nixon in Latin America*

SIRS:

IF a General Motors representative in Latin-America had been accorded a reception as hostile as that handed Vice-President Nixon, he would be replaced or quietly subordinated in favor of a more acceptable envoy who could more favorably further the interests of his principal. What is good for General Motors should be good for the United States.

HUGH J. GILMARTIN
Denver, Colorado

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